Libertas Triumphans:

A

POEM,

OCCASION'D BY

The GLORIOUS VICTORY obtain'd near *Odenard*, by the Forces of the ALLIES under the Command of His Highneſs *JOHN* Duke of *Marlborough*, and Prince of the Sacred *Roman Empire*, and the Velt-Mareſchal *Auverquerque*:

On the Firſt of *July*, 1708.

-------- Tolluntur in Altum
Ut Lapſu graviore ruant --------
Claud. *in Ruſinum.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Bullock*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* near *Holbourn-Bridge*; and Sold by *J. Morphew*, near *Stationer's-Hall*. 1708.

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TO

His Highneſs

GEORGE AUGUSTUS,

Electoral Prince of *HANNOVER*,
Duke and Marquis of *Cambridge*, Earl of *Milford-Haven*, Viſcount *North-Allerton*, Baron of *Tewksbury*, &c. and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

THE HONOUR OF GERMANY:
THE DESIRE AND HOPES OF BRITAIN:
THE BLESSING OF THE PRESENT AGE:
AND THE ADMIRATION OF THE FUTURE.

THIS

POEM

Is moſt Humbly
INSCRIB'D and DEDICATED
By *His moſt Humble*
and Devoted Servant,

Charles Gildon.

THE PREFACE.

ACcording to Mode I ſtop the Reader at the Entrance, with a Word or two in behalf of the Entertainment, he is like to find within. I muſt therefore, tell him, that he will not meet the common Road of Poems, a great many Lines, without any Plan or Deſign, nor Inundations of Similes, the Wantonneſs of injudicious Fancy, which our Modern Poets without Regard to the Subject, like Mr. Bays, *are ſure to clap in where they are monſtrous.* HOMER *in the Firſt Book of* Ilias, *has ſcarce one, becauſe Paſſion prevail'd and diſcourſes, in which they had been too unnatural for ſo judicious and great a Poet to make Uſe of. This Poem, like the firſt Book of the* Iliads, *conſiſts moſt of paſſionate Diſcourſes, and therefore cou'd not admit thoſe calm and boyiſh Ornaments. If the Reader expects to find any Noiſy and Confus'd Deſcriptions of the Battle he will be diſappointed. After* HOMER *ſcarce* VIRGIL *himſelf has ſucceeded in it; and I am very Confident the Beſt of our Modern Deſcriptions of that Kind, fall infinitely ſhort of his. I own my Inability, it was a Task I durſt not undertake, ſince it promis'd no Reward to my fruitleſs Toil but the Scandal of Imitation, or Confuſion. The Deſign, which in all Poems is the greateſt Proof of Maſtery, I took the greateſt Care of; and if that be juſt I have my Aim. The ſmall Tribute of juſt Praiſe, which the Bleſſed Champion of Truth the Arch-Angel, gives the Young Prince of* Hannover *is ſhort of his Merits and my Will, and the future Glory, that he promiſes in his ripening Years, and is no more, than we may reaſonably expect from ſo Brave a Beginning, and ſo Heroic a Race, and leſs than my Zeal for that Illuſtrious Family, the future* Palladium *of our* Troy, *cou'd wiſh, and all True* Britains *will ever pray for.*

LIBERTAS TRIUMPHANS:

A

POEM.

AN Impious Doubt did oft my Mind invade,
And to vain Wand'rings my frail Thoughts betray'd;
Whether Mankind's the Care of Providence,
Or All whirl'd round by blind, unheedful Chance.
When the Wiſe Order of the World I ſaw,
And All directed by a Certain Law;
When I beheld the Threat'ning Billows Roar
Check'd, and confin'd by the ſurrounding Shoar;
The conſtant Changes of the rolling Year
In various grateful Seaſons ſtill appear;
The Shades ſucceeded by the Chearful Light,
And Day ſtill falling in the Arms of Night;
Then vanquiſh'd Doubt forſook my anxious Breaſt,
And One o're-ruling Providence confeſs'd;
By whoſe firm Sanction every Orb moves round,
And all to certain Ends, by certain Means are bound.
By *That* the various Honours of the Field,
In different Times a different Product yield;
That fills with borrow'd Light the changeful Moon;
By *That* with Native Glory ſhines the Sun.
That cloath'd the Earth with various colour'd Robe,
And on its *Axis* poiz'd the pendent Globe.

But when I ſaw the Affairs of Humane Kind,
To ſuch a Miſt, ſo dark Night conſign'd,
The Noxious long their proſperous Guilt enjoy,
The Pious always vext with dire Annoy.
When I beheld the Hunters of Mankind,
Succeſs in all their Devaſtations find;
Fair Liberty to fell Oppreſſion yield,
And Tyrants win the Trophies of the Field;
Grow *Old* in Impious Arts, and *Great* by *Blood*;
And bear down All like an Impetuous Flood;

As they from Guilt freſh Bleſſings cou'd derive,
And the more wicked ſtill the more ſhou'd thrive;
Religion to prevailing Doubt gave Way,
And all my Thoughts again began to ſtray;
Amid the puzling View my languid Faith
Unwillingly purſu'd the devious Path,
Where Fortune's plac'd the Sovereign of the World,
And all is in a wild Confuſion hurl'd;
Ambiguous Notions of the Gods are ſhown,
And the wiſe Rule of PROVIDENCE unknown.

The Fall of *Lewis* did at laſt controul
This anxious Tumult of my lab'ring Soul,
Abſolv'd the Righteous Courſe of *PROVIDENCE*,
Too juſt, too wiſe for ſuch a Cauſe as *Chance*.
No more I ſee with an uneaſy Eye,
The *TYRANT* mounted by his Guilt ſo high,
Since he is ſet aloft with Pomp, and Fame,
That he may tumble down, with greater Pain, and Shame.

Aſſiſt Harmonious Genius of this Iſle,
That on our Ancient Bards were't wont to ſmile;
Who didſt the Heroe warm with Martial Fire,
And then the Bard to ſing his Deeds inſpire:
Who *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Milton* gaveſt to Fame,
By Nature made capacious of thy Flame,
Exert thy Pow'r, and all thy ſelf infuſe,
My Subject merits the ſublimeſt Muſe;
And as I ſhall no vulgar Deeds rehearſe,
So raiſe my Song above the vulgar Verſe.

The Drooping *Lewis* now with Cares oppreſt,
Revolves his mighty Loſſes in his Breaſt:
BLENHEIM, RAMILLY, TURIN weigh him down,
And *BARCELONA* ſhakes his guilty Crown.
He curſes Fortune, damns his partial Stars,
For Providence he neither owns, nor fears.
To *MAINTENON* he takes his anxious Way,
And there his Words, his Agony betray.

Oh! *MAINTENON*, ſaid he, how chang'd am I,
How fal'n from all my former Majeſty!
How much unlike that *Terror* of the World,
Who, where I pleas'd, my ſure Deſtruction hurl'd
Who on the Necks of trembling Monarchs trod,
And ſhook depending Nations, with my Nod,
That paid their Vows to me, as the more dreadful God.

Ah!

Ah! how unlike that *Lewis* am I grown!
My Arms have now no Force, no Dread my Frown.
Help me to curſe this blind Caprice of *Chance*,
That in *One* Moment has deſtroy'd thy *FRANCE!*
The Stately Fabrick ſixty Years had rais'd,
By all admir'd, by every Nation prais'd,
One Fatal Day has levell'd with the Ground,
Deſpis'd, forgot, which once was ſo renown'd.
Look back, Look back, the glorious Scene behold!
The Univerſal Empire in my Hold!
Beneath my Pounce the *Auſtrian Eagle* cowr'd,
On ev'ry Side beſet, on ev'ry Side o're-powr'd!
There the *Hungarians* with Confederate Arms,
Bavaria here preſs'd on with dire Alarms;
Almoſt within my Graſp th' Imperial Crown,
And the deſponding *Germans* all my own!
When from yon Stubborn Iſle behold advance
The *Britiſh* Troops, the ancient Scourge of *FRANCE.*
By a ſtupendious March they bring Relief,
Secure of Conqueſt with their *Fated Chief!*
At *Schellenberg* o're Hills they forc'd their Way,
And againſt pointed Cannon won the Day,
Leaving my Friends foul Rout, and vaſt Diſmay.

This Ill, *Tallard*, with his Approach redreſs'd,
And ſoon their Dread, and headlong Flight repreſs'd.
At his Approach the fearful Troops grew brave,
Th' *INVINCIBLE* new Hopes, new Courage gave.
Falſe was their Courage, and their Hopes were vain,
For *Marlborough* comes and bears down all amain
And with a Rage of Courage ſcowers the bloody Plain.
My Veteran Troops, inur'd to Victory,
Before his Men with Ignominy fly.
Their Honours gain'd in forty Years are gone!
They ſink beneath a Genius greater than their own.
The Reſt, but as the Shadows of the Slain,
No Life, no Heart, no Courage now retain,
For from the Foe with ſuch a Dread they fly,
For Fear of Death, tho' unpurſu'd, they dye.
Where e're Victorious *Marlb'rough* does appear,
My Troops retreat with one conſenting Fear.

But yet, as if this Terror were too ſmall,
Fate raiſes others to compleat my Fall.
EUGENE with Courage, and Revenge inſpir'd
With Hopes of a peculiar Glory fir'd,

Forces o're Hills, and Lakes his Wondrous Way,
Vandoſm unable is his Rapid Courſe to ſtay.
Like Thunder darted from the Hand of *Jove*,
His firm Battallions, and his Squadrons move,
To reſcue *SAVOY* from my Conquering Arms,
And ſave *Turin* from her Impending Harms.
The fond Beſiegers are beſieg'd, and won!
And Oh! thy *Lewis*, *Maintenon*, undone!

Yet this my Pow'r does wound, and not my Fame,
This is ill Fortune, but it is no Shame,
To Veteran Troops with Honour we may yield,
And quit to Numbers the Conteſted Field.
Numbers in Arms grown old, a Warriour Throng,
And as the *Macedonian Phalanx* ſtrong;
Each private Soldier by Experience made
Fit other Armies with Succeſs to lead;
Such as upheld young *Amnon*, as a God,
Bore him triumphant through the *Granic* Flood,
And in *One* Battle ſunk the *Perſian* Name,
And crown'd their Leader with Superior Fame.
But wild Confuſion here o're-ſpreads my Face,
Oh! Shame abhorr'd! Oh! Infamous Diſgrace!
Behold, in *Catalonia*'s curſed Plains,
MORDANT unheard of Victories obtains.
Others to Numbers half their Glory owe,
And by themſelves but vanquiſh half the Foe;
He by himſelf does my old Troops confound,
His Genius ſpreads its mighty Influence round;
Inſpir'd by *Him*, his Handful of raw Men,
Freſh to the War, unknowing Diſcipline,
Scarce arm'd, compell my Generals to yield,
And from victorious Armies force the Field.
New Arts of War augment his growing Fame,
And Kingdoms yield to *PETERBOROUGH'S* Name
Oh! *Maintenon* afford me ſome Relief,
Or *Lewis* ſinks beneath the ponderous Grief.
My Hopes of Empire all, alas! are dead,
That viſionary Glory now is fled,
And all my Laurels wither on my Head.
My boldeſt Men, my braveſt Leaders ſlain,
Or in yon hated Iſle in Bonds remain.
Oh! ſpeak thou guardian Genius of my Throne,
Its chief Support is in thy Arts alone.
My Comfort ſpeak, and give one gracious Smile,
A *Woman* has been fatal to yon Iſle.

When *France* of yore beneath its Fury mourn'd
The Fortune of the War a *Woman* turn'd.
The fam'd *Pucel* reviv'd the drooping *Gaul*,
And freed her Country from a foreign Thral.
No leſs renown'd, or knowing, than that Dame,
Do thou at laſt reſtore thy Monarch's Fame,
And reſcue me from my Ignoble Shame!

He ſaid, For ſtrugling Grief his Speech ſuppreſt,
And to his ghaſtly Looks conſign'd the reſt.
Fixt were his Eyes, their Luſtre was no more,
And now of native Inſolence, no haughty Image bore.
A livid Hue his alter'd Face o're-ſpread,
Exceſs of Woe depreſs'd his languid Head.
Scarce mov'd his Pulſe, and ſcarce reſpir'd his Breath,
Captive all o're to imitated Death.

The haggard Crone beheld, with Looks aghaſt,
The ruful *Lewis* breathing now his laſt.
Full of Affright, her trembling Arms advance,
To rouze the *Tyrant* from his deadly Trance.
She ſhook him thrice, and thrice with hollow Voice,
And myſtick Nods, and faſcinating Noiſe,
She ſummons back the Soul now on the Wing,
And half in Sight of the infernal King.
The willing Soul obey'd the powerful Charm,
With helliſh Hopes of farther Miſchief warm.
Now half reſtor'd the drooping *Lewis* ſtood,
New Life his Eyes, New Motions found his Blood,
Deſire, and Hope bruſh'd o're the Stagnant Flood:
His Limbs yet trembling, and his Viſage wan;
When thus the *Crone* to comfort him began.

My Darling Monarch, why this fond Deſpair?
My *Lewis*, why this more, than Woman's Fear?
Below the Soul of that Great Man, deſign'd
By Fate the Monarch of all Humane Kind.
What tho' the Foe, by a blind Nod of Chance,
Has gain'd ſome Trophies from the Pow'rs of *France*:
Wilt thou exalt their petty Conqueſt higher?
And own they've conquer'd all that God-like Fire,
That made thee to unbounded Rule aſpire?
Wilt thou advance their Luck to that Degree,
As now to own, that they have conquer'd *Thee*?
Far be the ſhameful *Omen*! Oh! Reſpire!
Stir up, my Lord, once more thy wonted Fire;
And give a Proof of thy untam'd Deſire.

Had Ancient *Rome* given Way to ſuch Deſpair,
And in the wild Extremity of War,
Conſulted leſs her Courage, than her Fear;
When all her Armies were deſtroy'd at Home,
And *Hanibal* ev'n at the Gates of *Rome*;
The *Punic* State had ſunk her glorious Name,
And raviſh'd from her all her future Fame.
But from her Loſſes ſhe new Vigour drew,
And from her ſlaughter'd Armies greater grew.
She from her Ruins lifts her Awful Head,
And *Rome* triumph'd, and vanquiſh'd *Carthage* fled.
If leſs of Force thy feeble Slaves enjoy,
Great *Lewis* can, with ſafer Arts, deſtroy.
Arts, which if yet purſu'd with wonted Care,
Now there had been no Cauſe of this Deſpair.
Reflect, and all thy ſpacious Conqueſts view,
Conſider well to what they all were due,
To Gold how many, but to Arms how few.
How has thy Wiſdom been of late miſled,
And what vain Hopes have thy Ambition fed.
Thy Trophy's are not of the Sword, but Head.
Th' intruding Warriour 'twas, that ſhook thy Throne;
Thy Acquiſitions ſpring from thee alone.
To proſperous Arts then now in Time return,
Nor thy paſt Loſſes impotently mourn,
To guard my *Lewis*, *Lewis* alone was born.
Thy Foes their wonted Vices ſtill retain,
Disjointed Int'reſt, and a Thirſt of Gain.
Thoſe to thy Wiſhes point the ready Way,
By Bribes you always won the doubtful Day,
Then to thoſe Arts return, without abhorr'd Delay.
But this important *Criſis* of our Fate
Requires a ſolemn and mature Debate.
Retire my Lord, and needful Slumber take,
For I will for thy Glory keep awake.

She ſaid, The Tyrant with new Life inſpir'd,
Secure of Fortune, to his Reſt retir'd.

Juſt in the Centre, in the Heart of *France*,
A proud ambitious Mountain does advance
Its cloudy Head, that ev'n to Heav'n wou'd ſwell,
Tho' its Foundations ſink as low as Hell.
No kindly Herbage, no delightful Green
In all its barren Surface yet was ſeen,
But a bald Scurf, that thinly creeps the Rocks between.

The

The craggy Clifts in Precipices break,
Which frequent Earthquakes yet more dismal make;
Whose steepy Sides, and vast stupendious Height
With a pale Horror shock the Aching Sight:
No browzing Kids, no tender Lambs are there,
Thither no feather'd Choristers repair,
Ill-omend Birds alone still wing the soultry Air.
Their horrid Dens have there fell Beasts of Prey,
And noxious Serpents fill the slimy Way.
In all the Roomy Circuit we find
No Creature lov'd by Man, or Friend to Human Kind.

Upon the Summet of this curs'ed Place,
Opens a wide, and a tremend'ous Space,
A Chasm most horrible, and most profound
Whence drowsie Steams exhale, and spread around.
In subtil Volumes far and near they spread,
And on the passive *French* their Venom shed:
Lull'd by whose Fumes the wretched Race remains
Fond of their Lord, and pleas'd with all their Pains,
And hug with Pride their ignominious Chains.
Hither the Necromantic Crone, by Night,
While *Lewis* slept, pursu'd her devious Flight.
Swift as a falling Star she pierc'd the Ground.
And sunk ten thousand thousand Fathoms down,
When in a wish'd for, and malignant Hour,
Sh' arrives the Court of *ARBITRART POW'R:*

Deep in the Womb of this aspiring Hill,
And near the Confines of it's Kindred Hell.
A vast and hollow space out-stretch'd around,
The gloomy Court of *Lucifer* is foun'd,
Above the Stars he *Lucifer* was nam'd,
And in Angellic Squadrons once was fam'd;
Till for *SELF-LOVE* driv'n thence and Pride untam'd.
Here by his servile Vassals he's ador'd,
TYRANNIS call'd, the *ARBITRART LORD,*
Prodigious Piles on e'ry Side arise,
And with enormous Bulk the Sight surprize.
An useless Pomp to fill the wandring Eye,
Th' oppressive Sport of wanton *Tyranny.*
Here Pyramids lift up their spiry Heads,
While wide beneath their vast Foundation spreads.
The ancient Tyrants of the fertile Nile,
Took hence the Model of the *Memphian* Pile.

When

When *Iſrael* they in hated Bondage tyde,
And Nations groan'd to ſatisfie their Pride,
While they by Venal Prieſts were deify'd.
Here a vaſt Lake, by dull *Cocytus* made,
With wide and ſpreading Arches was o're-laid,
Which maſſy Pillars wondrouſly ſuſtain
Fixing their deep Foundations in the Main.
Th' amazing Bridge in fam'd *Puzoli*'s Bay,
Was copy'd hence by curs'd *Calligula*.
Large *Naumachia*'s here themſelves diſcloſe,
There Stately *Amphitheatres* aroſe;
Where thoughtleſs Slaves, with a fantaſtick Joy,
To glut a Tyrant's Luſt of Blood, in Sport themſelves deſtroy.
High in the Midſt a lofty Palace roſe,
Which Ebony, and Dusky Jet compoſe.
The Stones were faſten'd with a curs'd Cement
Of Tears, and Sweat, and Blood of th' Innocent.
Hither the various Fiends each Hour reſort
To fill the horrid Pomp of proud *Tyrannis* Court.
Philautia here obtain'd the foremoſt Place,
And *Philotimia*, with aſpiring Face,
Of Parent bad the infamous Increaſe.
She led *Oppreſſion* in her ghaſtly Train,
Rapine, and *Slaughter*, *Atheiſm* profane,
Fell *Deſolation*, and inſulting *Pride*,
Luxury, *Want*, *Slavery*, *Homicide*.
Blind *AVARICE*, to Reaſon Foe profeſt,
Held the next Place in the black Monarchs Breaſt;
The Favourite *Mignon* of the ſovereign Fiend,
And moſt deſtructive Vice to Humankind.
Uneaſy Care had plough'd his furrow'd Brow,
And low he ſeem'd beneath the Weight to bow.
A holy Leer his treacherous Aſpect grac'd,
Which all Suſpition of his Treaſon chac'd.
And gain'd him Truſts, which he with Eaſe betray'd,
For of the credulous Fools, he ſtill his Market made.
He in his Train had baſe *Hippocriſie*,
Falſhood, *Diſtruſt*, *Corruption*, *Bribery*,
Pale meagre *Penury*, *Extortion* vile,
Cunning, *Deceit*, that murder with a Smile.
All theſe conven'd were met in full *Divan*,
To undermine the Happineſs of Man.

When in the Midſt the *Gallic* Crone appear'd,
(By all the dark Aſſembly much rever'd,
For oft the dire Decrees which they enact,
Are by her Friendly Malice put in Act)

With

With one Conſent they own'd their General Joy;
Secure of ſome new Motion of Annoy,
And ſwift Deſtruction to that hated Kind,
Form'd in the Image of th' omnific Mind.
When from his burniſh'd Throne the *Mimic* God,
Smil'd horrible, and with a gracious Nod,
Th' important Bus'neſs of her Voyage bad tell,
Secure of all th' Auxiliaries of Hell.

Hail Sovereign Pow'r! (For thus the Crone began)
Who doſt by ancient Right diſpoſe of Man!
Long o're the World thy Univerſal Sway
Made him to thee alone his Homage pay;
And yet the largeſt Share thy Will obey.
For where thy Idol Worſhip is unknown
Deſpotic Pow'rs thy Sov'reignty ſtill own.
From thee their Right they draw, by thee they fix their Throne.
Thy great Vicegerent *Lewis* in Diſtreſs,
Brings me a Suppliant to this awful Place.
Permit me here his wondrous Worth to tell,
Worth, that may claim the utmoſt Help of Hell.
For Sixty Years thy Cauſe he has maintain'd
The Blood of Nations, which all *Europe* ſtain'd,
To glut thy Thirſt of human Gore, he has drein'd.
Thee *Rapine* I atteſt, and *Slaughter* thee,
And thou wide-waſting *Deſolation* be
A Witneſs ſure for *Lewis* and for me.
Ye worthy Fav'rites of our Monarch tell,
How many Myriads by his Treachery fell,
Enow to gorge th' inſatiate Thirſt of Hell.
No Pact could hold him, and no Oath could bind,
By no Religion he would be confin'd.
He broke through all to glut your ſacred Rage;
For you, with Heav'n it ſelf, he glorious War did wage.
Ye * *Genoeſe* Altars witneſs here his Pride,
And † thou *Victoir* how he ev'n God defy'd,
His Picture there, and here his Statue ſtands,
Avowing rival Pow'r in his illuſtrious Hands.
Witneſs thou Southern and thou Weſtern Plain,
What Millions baniſh'd and what Millions ſlain,
For daring God's Religion to maintain.
For theſe and many thouſand Merits more,
Which as well known I eaſily paſs o're,
Your preſent Help I earneſtly Implore.

* After his Bombarding that City, his Picture was ſet on St. *Lewis* Altar in *Genoa*.
† The *Place de Victoir* in *Paris*, where a Statue is erected to him with this Inſcription, *Viro immortali*, &c.

Confederate Pow'rs with an abhor'd Succeſs,
On every Side thy faithful *Lewis* preſs,
And now reduce him to the laſt Diſtreſs.
The Friends of hated *LIBERTY* prevail,
Supported by the odious *Britiſh* Zeal,
And the bold Efforts of a *COMMON-WEAL*.
You ſee the Wound, the Remedy beſtow,
Redreſs the Injury, prevent the Blow;
My Maſter no Reſourſe, but *You*, does know.

She ſaid, and Murmurs Hoarſe ſpread all around.
While ev'ry Fiend the Cauſe with Fury own'd,
The dusky Caverns with the Din reſound.
TYRANNIS ſhook his execrable Head,
And from his ſnaky Locks new Terrors ſhed.
The Jarring Sounds then find a ſudden Pauſe,
And a ſhort Silence ſwallows up the Noiſe.
His execrable Head three Times he ſhook,
And thrice around he caſt a baleful Look.
His Globe-like Eyes ſuffus'd with gloomy Fire,
He roll'd about repleat with raging Ire.
Thrice from his roomy Trunk with Terror roſe
The hollow Eccho of a rumbling Noiſe;
Like diſtant Thunder breaking in the Air,
The frightful Promiſe of the Stormy War;
Pride, Rage, Diſdain within his Boſom pent
Conflicting roll'd about for Want of Vent.
So Fire, and Sulphur, and impriſon'd Air,
In *Ætna*'s Caverns make a medly War,
For to their Rage when there's no Paſſage found,
But the Storm choak'd with the too ponderous Ground,
Convulſive Heavings ſhake the lab'ring Hill,
And ſtenchy Vapours all the Country fill;
Hoarſe bellowing Roars its concave Womb ſends out
Pale Fear and Horror ſpreading round about.
The Slaviſh Tribe obſerv'd and proſtrate fell;
And full of Dread attend the Voice of *Hell*.
His ſtrugling Pride his ready Accents broke,
But Rage made Way, and thus at laſt he ſpoke.

What ſhall a Puny *STATE* then curb my Will?
Shall routed *LIBERTY* reſiſt me ſtill?
Driv'n from the fertile Globe to barren Sands,
A Nook deſpis'd, diſpute my dread Commands?
Me while ſo many Awful Kings obey,
Shall a poor *COMMON-WEALTH* diſpute my Sway?

A *COMMON-WEALTH*! I hate the Odious Thing,
LAW is their Rule, and GOD Himſelf their KING!
We ſleep too long! th' aſpiring Churles ſhall know,
What 'tis to rouze the dreadful Powr's below.
And that rebellious Iſle ſhall ſhare the vengeful Blow.
E'er now their darling *LIBERTY* I've broke,
And on them caſt my *Arbitrary Yoke.*
For while they ſtrugled with my Will in vain
By their own * Tool I fixt my hated Chain:
And ſtill my *Paſſive Band* my Cauſe maintain.
Go favourite Matron, with auſpicious Speed,
Aſcend with Joy, their Ruin is decreed,
And ſoon thy haughty Foes and mine ſhall bleed.
My faithful Slaves thy Orders ſhall attend;
Leave not with me one Brave, one Uſeful Fiend.
My Majeſty ſuffices for my Throne,
Pleas'd with my ſelf I ne'r can be alone.
Go my *Philautia*, *Philotimia* go;
Diſtruſt, and *Idle Fears* your Vigour ſhow;
Supine *Neglect*, and meagre *Envy* fly,
Amuſe, diſturb, diſtract their fleeting Joy.
But above all induſtrious *Av'rice* take,
He my lov'd Cauſe, beſure, will ne'r forſake.
When *Roman* Wiſdom *LIBERTY* maintain'd,
And by her *Virtue* Soveraign Empire gain'd,
He undermin'd with Eaſe, their boaſted Fame,
And left of *LIBERTY* an Empty Name;
He *Scaurus*, *Craſſus*, *Cateline* o'recame.
Their pompous Virtues *He* it was betray'd,
And all Things ſoon at *Rome* He venal made;
The very *State* and *War*, he made a Trade.
'Till having got a Univerſal Way,
For ready *Tyranny* he ſmooth'd the Way.
Galba by *Him* was gloriouſly undone,
He tumbl'd him headlong from his fleeting Throne.
He rules in *Courts*, and diſappoints with Care,
What e'r, for *Public Good*, the *PATRIOT Tribe* prepare.
He rules in *Camps*, in *Cities* he bears Sway,
Nay, ev'n the *CHURCH* his Sacred Laws obey.
And with him take his Spouſe *Hypocriſie*,
And his lov'd Twins *Corruption*, *Bribery*.
Begon, make Haſte, now take your ſpeedy Flight,
Thus doubly arm'd with all the Troops of Night,
Infect, confound the odious Realms of Light.

* *Oliver Cromwel.*

He

He ſaid, And ſwift as Thought aloft they riſe,
And with their foul Contagion, ſoon pollute the Skies.
Their Preſence Nature in Convulſions own'd,
And with their Weight contiguous Nations groan'd,
With Thunder roll'd the Air, with Earthquakes ſhook the Ground.
They to her Home the *Gallic* Crone convey,
Then to his Task each took his ſeveral Way.

Where e'r they went, o'r whom they did prevail,
Boots not to ſpeak ; *their Labours did not fail.*
France took new Life, and baffled *Anjou*'s Arms,
Brought into *Spain* new Fears, and new Alarms,
The *Britiſh* Glory viſibly now wains,
Almoſt extinguiſh'd in *Almanza*'s Plains.
The *German* Lines to proud *Villars* give Way,
And to his Forces leave their Soil a Prey ;
And cautious *Vendoſm* keeps our Troops at Bay.
The Warlike *SAVOY*, of the Heroe Kind,
In ſpight of all his Bravery of Mind,
No promis'd Laurels at *Tholouſe* can find.
The *Gallic* Tyrant's Hopes now higher ſoar,
And ſend out vaſter Armies, than before.
The Friends of *LIBERTY* in vain repine,
Their promis'd Glories every where decline,
And all their Hopes are now in Help Divine.
Well were they there, ſure to avert the Rod,
The SOURCE, and GUARDIAN of their Cauſe is GOD.

Where the Smooth *Thames* in ſoft Meanders ſtrays,
And with his Cryſtal Streams the flowry Vale inlays;
A verdent Hill lifts up its gracious Head,
And with an eaſie Riſe deceives the Climber's Tread.
An ancient Pile its pleaſing Summet crowns,
And to the Eye its Royal Founders owns.
The clement Air ſweet Odours ſpreads around,
With Health and Plenty bleſſing all the Ground.
Delightful Proſpects glad the wandring Eye,
On e'ry Side, with lov'd Variety.
A ſpacious Valley here ſpreads far, and wide,
With Meads, and Glebe, and Woods diverſify'd,
Which *Thames* does with its fertile Waves divide.
There gentle Hills in graceful Order riſe,
Not rough, nor Threatning, with bold Heads, the Skies,
With ſhady Foreſts crown'd ; whoſe various Glade
The Huntſman's Theatre by Nature's made.

Auguſta' Spires it does afar deſcry,
Faireſt of Cities, *Britain's* lovely Eye,
The darling, zealous Child of *Beauteous LIBERTY.*
Near, *RUNNY MEAD* with Pleaſure it ſurveys,
Of Old enobl'd, with peculiar Praiſe:
With *righteous Force* the *FREE-BORN ENGLISH* there
For Sacred *MAGNA CHARTA* did declare;
And with their *ANCIENT RIGHTS* and *LIBERTY*
Compell'd reluctant Tyrants to comply.
Third *Edward* here to conquer *France* was born,
And Valour, with new * Ornaments adorn.
Here *ANNA* yearly makes Her bleſt Retreat,
And with wiſe Counſels *Gallic* Fraud defeat.
ANNA, the Peoples Darling, and Defence,
The True Vicegerent of Omnipotence,
Here claims my Song, demands my grateful Praiſe,
Inſpires at once, and vindicates my Lays.
Shall I her equal *Juſtice* firſt diſplay?
Her *Juſtice* to Her *Clemency* gives Way,
Or ſhall I ſing the Wonders of Her Arms
That keep from *BRITAIN* far, Wars dire Alarms?
That *Gallic* Pow'rs no further Terrors bear;
That *EUROPE* breaths afreſh we owe to *HER*:
That the Imperial Eagle ſoars again
We owe to *HER*, to *HER* our Hopes of *Spain*:
To *HER* we owe this glorious Wars Succeſs;
To *HER* the Promiſe of Approaching Peace;
That we no more in hateful Factions err,
That *UNION* does new Happineſs confer,
That our *GREAT-BRITAIN is*, we owe to *HER*.
That Right Religion, Piety and Truth
Adorn our Age, and give new Charms to Youth;
To *HER* we owe, to *HER* that Sacred *LAW*
Is by no haughty Faction kept in Awe,
But equal Bleſſings does on all beſtow.
To *HER*, in fine, our *LIBERTY* we owe.
For ne'r is *LIBERTY* more glorious found,
Ne'r with more Safe, and Nobler Honours crown'd,
Than when beneath th' auſpicious, guardian Wings
Of *Wiſe*, and *Pious*, *Brave*, and *LEGAL* Kings.
Where *ANNA* reigns fair *LIBERTY's* ſecure;
Ambitious Hopes no Factious Bravo's lure.
With popular Arts the People to betray,
And mount the *Traytor* to unbounded Sway.
PREROGATIVE that Formidable Name,
She for Her Peoples Good alone do's claim.

* *The Order of the Garter.*

A *Legal* Pow'r to do Her People Right,
And execute the Laws with greater Might.
When Hot-brain'd *Faction* preſs'd her more to take,
She with Diſdain the guilty Bribe threw back,
And with a God-like Ardour ſoon did prove,
She thought Her beſt *Prerogative* was *LOVE:*
Unknowing, and unheeding Tyrants Arts,
Choſe ſtill to reign in Her *good Peoples* Hearts.
Let Tyrants, with a *Luciferian* Pride
Be by their Venal Clergy deify'd,
For Deeds, that Hell it ſelf wou'd ſhame to own,
And to Deſpotick Pow'r debaſe the Throne;
While, ſet above all *Legal* Limits, they
O'r waſted Regions bear deteſted Sway,
And make their People not their *Care*, but *PREY*;
ANNA, like Heav'n, by *Stated Laws* commands,
With a large Soul, and well-pleas'd, bounteous Hands,
Show'r Peace, and Plenty round Her *Britiſh* Lands.
The Mother of each *Free-born Dennizen*,
Her PRIDE's to Rule, not SERVILE BEASTS, but MEN.
Still may ſhe live, thus crown'd with *LOVE* and *FAME*,
Happy, and Prais'd, and * *EVER BE THE SAME.*

* *Semper eadem*, the QUEEN's Motto.

Drawn by theſe Charms to Kindred Heav'n well known,
Here Sacred *LIBERTY* has fixt her Throne.
Fair † *Philanthropia*, with obliging Grace,
Darling of Heav'n, claims here the Fav'rite Place,
While *ANNA* fully is conſeſt in her enchanting Face.
Next hoary *Wiſdom* in Eſteem we ſee;
Courage untam'd, and *chearful Induſtry*;
Celeſtial *Reaſon* unconfin'd, and free.
Religion pure, in Native Beauty's here,
No adventitious Dawb of Prieſt does wear;
Juſt as ſhe did from Parent Heav'n deſcend,
While *Truth* and *Honeſt Zeal* Her Beck attend:
Here's joyful *Victory* with Laurel crown'd,
And gracious *Peace* with ſmiling Face is found,
Her Temples with the gladſome *Olive* bound.
Rich *Plenty* next with open Countenance
Around her *Cornucopia* does diſpence.
The *Liberal Arts*, with *Poeſie* at their Head,
Here all around Ambroſial Odours ſpread;
Their Off-ſpring *Public Virtues* next 'em ſtand,
While reverend *Nomos* guards the glorious Band.

† *Love of Mankind.*

Amid this Heav'nly Throng, with kindred Light,
Great *MICHAEL* now directs his welcome Flight.
With Looks ſerene he ſoon his Silence broke,
And thus, diffuſing Joy around, he ſpoke.

Hail!

Hail! Heav'n-born *LIBERTY!* to thee I'm ſent,
On high Beheſts, from the *OMNIPOTENT.*
The ancient Foe of Man, with wonted Spight,
Fondly with Heav'n renews th' unequal Fight:
His Helliſh Agents he has ſent abroad,
To undermine the fixt Decrees of *GOD.*
His ſooty Troops their various Engines play,
For what he can't prevent, he wou'd delay.
But fell *Oppreſſion* and *Tyrannic Thrall*
Shall thrive no more, for Heav'n has doom'd their Fall.
Send hoary *Wiſdom* forth, and *Truth* unblam'd,
With *Public Virtue*, *Courage* join untam'd;
And *Victory* with heav'nly Vengance arm'd,
And *Philantrope* with publick Love ſtill warm'd.
Each Champion of our Cauſe let them inſpire,
And every Heroe's Breaſt with Ardour fire.
The wiſh'd for Hours apace come rolling on,
Big with the proſperous Fate of *Chriſtendom.*
Baſe *Slav'ry*, and *Idolatry* ſhall fail,
And ancient *TRUTH* and *LIBERTY* prevail.
See where the Heroes now triumphant come,
The Scourge of *France*, and Terror of proud *Rome!*
By their Vindictive Arms it is decreed,
That blind, unbounded *Tyranny* ſhall bleed,
While they from Victory, to Victory proceed.
Near *Odenard* they firſt ſhall win the Day,
There Fate the Earneſt of their Hopes ſhall pay,
And to compleater Conqueſt ſmooth the Way.
'Till by their Swords each *Hydra* Head does fall,
And *BRITAIN* triumph o're the vanquiſh'd *Gaul.*
See Warlike *MALBRO'*, and the Brave *EUGENE*,
And the *NASSOVIAN AVERQUERQUE*, Serene
In all the wildeſt Tempeſts of the War,
Untam'd by Age and Sickneſs ſtill he'll ſhare
The glorious Hazard of the coming Fight,
As Danger, and Fatigue were his Delight.
Wiſdom, and Goodneſs all his Actions grace,
And ſtill confeſs the Honours of his Race.
Another Prince behold of *NASSAU*'s Name!
Undoubted Heir of his Immortal Fame.

But here, ye *BRITISH GENII*, here behold
The * Promiſe of your Future Age of Gold,
His wond'rous Valour in the Bud infold.
See, like a God, the fearleſs Youth advance
His Maiden Sword againſt the Pow'r of *France!*
Fav'rite of Heav'n, for Heav'n his Sword he draws,
And firſt enobles in the Publick Cauſe.

* Prince *George Auguſtus* of *Hannover.*

See

See his Mock Rival to the Field they bring,
Having, with *Gallic* Arts, diſclaim'd the King.
† *The Knight of St. George.* The ſpurious † Knight to gather Lawrels came,
But flies the Field with ignominious Shame,
A Witneſs only of Prince *GEORGE'S* Fame.
He ſees, abaſh'd, by him his Guardians fall;
This is the *GEORGE* for *BRITAIN*, that for *Gaul*.
No Danger can his dauntleſs Heart controul.
A NATION'S Genius in ONE mighty Soul.
And Nations with his Virtues he ſhall bleſs,
In War their Safe-guard, and their Joy in Peace.
Neglected *ARTS* ſhall find his early Care,
The Heav'n-born *MUSE* his royal Bounty ſhare;
For great and Kingly Virtues ſhe inſpires,
With gen'rous Ardour every Heroe fires.
And the Diſpencer of immortal Fame,
The *MUSE* alone can give a deathleſs Name.
Whoſe Deeds are worthy of immortal Verſe,
He loves the MUSE that muſt theſe Deeds rehearſe.
No more ſhall baſhful Merit then complain,
No more ſhall ſtarve in his auſpicious Reign.
While bold intruding Poetaſters gain.
Taught by the Heroe, whom their Nation rules,
The very *Court* ſhall ſpurn the jingling Fools;
And by obliging Force of *juſt* Reward,
Compel to Throngs the yet reluctant Bard.
Oh! happy Race, who under him ſhall prove
The Golden Age of POETRY, of PLENTY, PEACE and LOVE.

But now with Speed ſend forth thy Godlike Train,
And All the Bleſſings, Heav'n has doom'd, obtain.
I to my grateful Charge muſt now repair,
And guard th' important Youth from all the Threats of War.

He ſaid, And willing *LIBERTY* obey'd,
New Force, new Virtue to our Arms convey'd;
The Common Cauſe rear'd up again its Head,
And Hell's black Troops before the Victor fled;
For every where the *Gallic* Forces yeild,
And *LIBERTY* triumphant rides, thro' the conteſted Field.

FINIS.